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Jesus Heals the Man With a Withered Hand.

And if we do these works, and these only on Sunday then we shall be like Jesus, even as Jesus was like His Heavenly Father.

One Sabbath day soon after the two Sabbaths I have being telling you about, Jesus went into the synagogue. And there was a man there whose right hand was withered. Palsy made the hand hang down like a withered flower; it would not move, and was of no use at all. The Pharisees who were watching Jesus said to Him, 'Is it right to heal on the Sabbath day?' They wanted, you see, to have something to find fault with.

Jesus knew their thoughts, and He said to the man with the withered hand, 'Rise up, and stand forth in the midst.' And the man arose, and stood out in the middle of the synagogue, where all might see what Jesus was going to do. Then Jesus said to the Pharisees, 'I will ask you one thing: Is it right on the Sabbath day to do good or to do evil? To save life, or to destroy it?'

But the Pharisees had hard, bad hearts. They did not want to understand Jesus, and they did not try to answer His questions. When Jesus had looked around at them all with a look full of sorrow and anger, He turned to the sick man, and said, 'Stretch forth thine hand.' Did the man say, 'I have palsy; I can't; it won't move'? No, he stretched it out, and it was made whole like the other.

And, just in the same way, whenever Jesus tells us to do a thing, however difficult it seems, we must try at once to do it, and Jesus will give us the strength that we want. —'Footsteps of the Master.'

'You, Me, or Anybody.'

'Why James, man, I wonder that you fash yourself so over that old Bible; you're no scholard, and you'll make nothing out, with all your studying. For my part, I think there's a deal more satisfaction in a newspaper.' And Hannah Simpson, as she spoke, left her work at the other end of the kitchen, and, wiping her hands on her apron, came and stood looking over her husband's shoulder, as he sat at a table near the fire, with an old-fashioned family Bible open before him.

James took no heed either of his wife's words or her presence. His brows were knit over his task, and his horny finger continued, in its slow progress over the paper, to trace out the letters of the words he was striving to read. 'W-h-o,' he spelled, 's-o-e-v-e-r; ay, but that's a heavy word!' And he breathed a deep sigh of mingled excitement and discouragement.

'I can make out that it's about something rare and good,' he exclaimed again, after he had slowly and laboriously spelled his way through the remainder of the verse. '"Let him take the water of life freely," that's just what the preacher said, and he told us that "water of life" meant salvation; but who is to take it?—that beat's me.' Then glancing around him in his perplexity, he became conscious for the first time that his wife was near.

'Ay, Hannah, lass, I wish thee could tell me what that long word is.'

Hannah, who scarcely knew one letter from another, bent down and looked closely at the 'long word,' and then she shook her head.

'Nay, James, I can't help thee; it's all Greek to me. If our little Tim had lived we'd have made him a scholard, for a bit o' larnin's real useful sometimes. But don't take on about it, man. Maybe it don't mean anything particular, after all.'

So Hannah returned to her work, casting ocasional sympathizing glances at her husband as he still bent over the book, and wishing with an increased soreness of her mother-heart that their little Tim had not been taken; the house had been so awful lonesome ever since, and that was it surely that had set James on studying and saying such strange things about being a sinner. A sinner, indeed! If there was an honest, kind man in the world it was her James, and trouble must indeed have turned his head before he could call himself such a dreadful name.

Whilst Hannah's thoughts were thus busy, her husband sat still and pondered. For some weeks past he had been bearing on his heart a load that was becoming well-nigh unsupportable. He scarcely knew how it first came there; it was strangely mixed up in his thoughts with the death of his child, and a hymn that had been sung at little Tim's grave by the scholars of the Sunday-school that he used to attend. James had always been a steady man, but he had lived with scarcely a thought of God, and his Sabbaths had been spent in careless, weary lounging, instead of being used for the worship of God, and care for the precious soul God had given him. But when the winsome and dearly-

loved child had suddenly stepped from his father's side into a solemn Eternity, speaking to the last of 'Lord Jesus,' and smiling joyfully as the Good Shepherd took the little lamb in his arms 'on the brink of the river of death,' James realized what a life of terrible trifling his had been, and ever since, in a dim, aimless way, he had been groping after the truth as it is in Jesus.

Only the Sunday before, the words of a street-preacher had fallen on his ear, words that told of the water of life, and of the love of Jesus in obtaining it for poor, perishing sinners; and James had got a glimpse of the truth that made him long painfully for more. He knew now that this burden on his heart was unforgiven sin, and the preacher had said that Jesus would forgive sin.

Then James, in his slow way, had reasoned it out that to take of the water of life, and to get sin pardoned, were perhaps the same thing. There were two things about which he was quite clear. He needed salvation, and he would not rest until he found out how to get it; and he thought if he could but discover who it was that was so freely invited to take of the water of life in the passage he had been reading, it would throw great light on the subject.

Again and again he repeated to himself the letters of the 'long word,' until they were thoroughly fixed in his memory; and then, with a sudden gleam of hope lighting up his face, he started from his seat, closed the Bible, and taking his hat from the peg, he nodded pleasantly to his wife, saying, 'I'm going to take a bit of a turn, Hannah; I'll not be long.'

Once outside the door he walked forward with a brisk, determined step, until he came to a large house standing back from the road, and surrounded by extensive grounds. James was in the habit of passing this house every day on his way to and from work, and knew it to be a boarding school for boys; and out of his wife's mention of making their little Tim a scholar, if he had lived, had sprung the sudden thought that one of these boys might help him in his present difficulty.

It required some determination for the reserved, grave man, rendered graver than usual by the pressure of a great anxiety, to face a troop of merry, rollicking lads, who might, perhaps, turn his inquiries into mockery. But a man thoroughly in earnest does not let the lion in the heavenward path frighten or deter him, and such a man, as he speeds past the enemy, always finds it chained by the order of the King.

Many voices of boys, just out for their evening games, filled the air as James drew near the gate; and he had scarcely taken his station outside, when, within, one of them rushed past it to pick up a ball. It was Harvey Reynolds, a bright-faced fellow, on whose character good home training had left unmistakable traces, making him kind hearted and courteous to rich and poor alike; and as the words reached his ear, 'I say, young master, can I have a word with you?' he slackened his flying pace, and came up to the gate, pressing his flushed face against the bars, and looking through them with a pleasant smile and with boyish curiosity at the man outside.

'You can have two or three words if you like, and if you'll be quick about it,' he said; 'but the fellows will want me back in a minute.'

'I thought you'd, may be, tell me what these letters make up when they are put together,' said James, and, with the air of a great schoolboy repeating his lesson, he slowly spelled out the long word that had so perplexed him.

'That's whosoever,' said Harvey, secretly wishing that he could pass every examination as easily.

'And will you be pleased to tell me what whosoever means?' asked James, anxiously.

'Oh, it means,' and Harvey paused a moment to put his explanation into the simplest possible shape. 'Oh, it means you, me, or anybody.'

'Thank you kindly, young sir; you've done me a great service.'

Harvey, as he rushed back to his companions, wondered at the sudden brightness that lighted up his questioner's face as he turned away; but it was a joy with which no stranger intermeddleth that James Simpson was feeling then. Salvation was for him! He, or anybody might take it! at least. so the young gentleman had said, and coming out of a big school like that he was sure to know.

It would be impossible here to tell fully the further stages of James' spiritual history. The Holy Spirit has various ways of working, but it is a blessed truth that, 'where'er we seek him, he is found,' and that when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he shall guide into all truth.

Under this Divine teacher James so 'learned Christ' that he became a happy, consistent, and useful Christian; and though he never got farther in his scholarship than to be able to read the Bible to his own and his wife's satisfaction by spelling a few of the very long words, yet he never again needed to spell the word 'whosoever'; and his face would light up with joy whenever he came to it, regarding it, as he did, as the key-stone of the arch on which rested his hopes for eternity. Perhaps nothing could better express his feelings, nor more fittingly recommend the same Saviour to my readers, than that sweet verse of Dr. H. Bonar's hymn:—

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place
And He has made me glad.

A Hero in the Home Field.

(Helen Frances Huntington, in 'Union Gospel News.')

Howard Wendall was eighteen at the time of his conversion. He immediately prepared for the ministry, much to the disappointment of his family, who considered his promising career spoiled irretrievably. Howard determined to spend his life for Christ in the mission field, and for four years he studied zealously to fit himself for his chosen work.

On the even of his graduation his father sickened and died, after which a series of reverses deprived the family of the bulk of their fortune. Philip Wendall, the older brother, who should have assumed the cares of the household, was poorly fitted for the responsibility, being a vain, worldly-minded society man; the two sisters were idle devotees of fashion, and the mother too much stunned and broken by grief at her bereavement to battle with the serious affairs of life. Howard tried to reason himself clear of responsibility, but the voice of his Master was stronger even than his zealous desire to enter the mission field, so he stayed and shouldered the arduous work of domestic readjustment.

It was hard living after that; the young Christian seemed to stand absolutely alone in the midst of the worldly-minded people whose sole ambition was to maintain their former places in society in spite of their broken fortunes. In looking through his father's papers Howard found mention of a debt of honor which the others refused to consider, and, true to his own conviction, Howard set himself resolutely forward to cover the sum thus involved.

For eight years he labored patiently, uncomplainingly at the call of duty, and at the end of that time his mother died with Howard's name on her lips, and a prayer of thanksgiving to God for using her son to her soul's salvation. Shortly afterward when the two sisters were married, Howard at last turned his face toward his long-delayed goal. He immediately received an appointment under the auspices of the HomeBoard of Missions to go to California. To his surprise his brother Philip met him at the train. He had not seen him for two years, not since Philip had left the South and settled in business in New York.

'I felt that I must see you before you left,' he said quietly, 'and tell you that I owe all that may be called success to the influence of your patient example for which I shall feel grateful as long as I live. Don't forget that, will you Howard? You have my heartfelt wishes for your success and happiness.'

'Thank you Philip,' said Howard, greatly moved by this unlooked for revelation. 'I believe this is the happiest hour of my life. It has brought the fulfilment of my dearest wishes. I look forward to a long, useful life, by God's grace, in His service. God bless you Philip.'

And so they parted to go their separate ways.

The train in which Howard traveled was delayed for several hours in ——, Michigan, a town of notoriously bad reputation. The officiers on board warned the passengers to keep very quiet in the presence of the ruffians lounging about the tracks, some of whom had made very evil records by unprovoked assaults upon travellers. Howard was earnestly advised to make no mention of his calling, which was particularly distasteful to the roughs. However, he left the car presently and walked about among the loafers skulking around the station, and suddenly a little child ran out of a shack close by and dived across the track. He turned at the sight of the unfamiliar faces and would have fled but fell across the rear track just as a freight engine backed around the curve and bore down toward him with perilous speed. Howard sprang to the rescue and with one deft motion flung the child out of harm's way, but as he did so his foot caught, and he fell under the very wheels of the moving engine, which passed over his body with a shriek of almost human horror.

One of the roughs picked up the wounded broken body very gently and carried it into the dingy waiting room. It was plain to the most inexperience he was past human skill; Howard knew it best of all, but he made no mention of his own condition, and not a murmur of complaint passed his agonized lips. He turned to the man who carried him in, and who knelt by his side on the floor. 'Thank you, friend,' he said in a husky voice. 'Call in your comrades, will you? I want to speak to them.'

There was no need to call them in; they gathered about the dying man in awed silence and reverence which death inspires in the roughest hearts. A few directions and addresses were given by the dying man; then Howard talked to them as no man had ever dared to talk before, of their lawless, sinful lives, of their lost heritage of noble manhood, and lastly of the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. He pleaded with them to turn to the meek and lowly Jesus. It was a sad and solemn hour; the quiet heroism of the pleader's act touched his listeners more than a life time of exhortation could have done, and seeing how deeply moved they were. Howard thanked God eloquently for the privilege of that one short hour in the mission field. He died with a prayer for their conversion on his lips.

Two years after Howard's death the man who had closed the eyes of the dying hero wrote Philip Wendall telling him the story of that last hour and the beginning of a new order in the lawless place in Michigan. 'He did his duty nobly, and we will remember that dying hour to the day of our own death. We have set out to follow him.'

Communion.

If faith be the main-spring, devotion winds up the machinery, and keeps it in continual motion. It is as impossible for the soul to remain strong in faith and active in obedience, without continued communion with God, the fountain of all grace, as it is for a clock to perform its revolutions without being regularly wound up.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

At the Summons.

(By Frank E. Channon.)

'The lifeboat! The lifeboat!'

The cry rang out, loud and hoarse, above the roaring of the gale and the thunder of the surf.

Far out in the inky darkness of the storm a blue light flared up for an instant; then all was blackness again. A cry of terror—a long drawn out wail, as from those who stand in the fear of death, was caught up by the hurrying wind for a moment, and then stifled into silence by the roar of the elements.

The little knot of weather-beaten men, who stood clustered on the wave-swept beach, and the crowd of hangers-on behind them shivering in the bite of the storm, stood irresolute for a brief second, then the cry rang out again:

'The lifeboat! The lifeboat!'

Instantly there was a shuffling of many feet and the watchers began to run towards the little, low-roofed shed, in which was stored the lifeboat.

'Can we launch her, think you, Bill?' came the anxious inquiry from a tall, gaunt man, as he looked towards a weather-beaten old salt.

'We can get her out all right, but it's after I'm thinking of. Can't Jasper in no way leave? Is his missus sure dying.

'She is that, too,' broke in another old sailor. 'The doctor says as she can't no ways live till the morn, and what we'll do for a cap'n is more than I know; there's no un here can handle the steerin' oar—say, mates, don't you think he'd come, if we went up and put it to him straight?'

'What! and take him away from his old woman as is a-dying! Not me!'

'But we can't get out clear o' the "Wolf's Tooth" without he, and fer another thing, I ain't a-going to try—"No, Sir;" not on a night like this, without old Jasper's got the lines under his arms—that's sure.' and the speaker came to a sudden stop, and slapped his thigh decisively.

The group came to a halt and some of the men voiced their approval of the speaker's words, saying.

'That's what I says.'

''Tain't no good a-racin' into death's jaws.'

The first speaker faced them angrily and asked:

'What are ye a-going to do, then; let 'em go under?'

The speech hit them, and hit them all hard.

'In nowise so; we'll go up to Jasper's cottage and get him to take the lines,' was the response.

Without waiting for more words, a half-dozen of the men started on a run towards their captain's home. It was a little bit of a cottage, nestling just behind the bluff. A light burned feebly in the front room. The men knocked softly, and then, without waiting for permission, entered.

A touching sight met their gaze.

On an old wooden bed lay a woman. Her eyes were closed, and her breath came and went in short little gasps. She was apparently dying. By her side, with bowed head, knelt an old storm-stained sailor. Tears were trickling down his seamed face, on which was plainly depicted an agony of grief. The village doctor sat in a wooden chair on the other side of the bed. He had done his best; it had failed. He realized that the woman was past all earthly help, and leaned back in the chair, watching with grave face the shortening gasps of the patient.

Both men looked up as the lifeboat crew stole into the room.

'What is it, boys?' asked the old salt, well knowing the answer to his question.

'There's a barque fast on "The Wolf"; she's signalled twice, and is going to pieces. Can't ye come?' ventured one of the men.

The husband pointed dumbly to the bed, and the doctor shook his head.

'She may go any moment,' he whispered, 'leave him with her.'

The captain looked up again into the faces of the men.

'No, mates,' he said, 'I can't come to-night. It's the first time I ever refused, but I can't leave her now; I must stand by her to the end.'

The sinking woman slowly opened her eyes, and fixed them on her husband, imploringly.

'Go, Jasper,' she breathed. 'Go, and God's will be done.'

'I'll come, mates,' said the husband, huskily. 'Up there perhaps I'll meet her again.'

He leaned over and impressed a kiss upon the tired face.

Her eyes opened, and again her lips formed the word: 'Go.'

The captain brushed away the tears from his eyes, and reached for his oilskins, then, with a parting kiss, he hurried from the room.

The fury of the gale struck them as they left the cottage. With bent heads they struggled on and reached the beach. The boat was already run out on her carriage, and half the crew had climbed into her. The captain was all action now. He assumed command as one well used to it. His orders came loud and clear above the roaring of the gale.

'Tumble in, boys! Lead her out, there!'

The four strong horses were urged into the seething waters, and next moment the crew were pulling for dear life, while out in the blackness flared another light, and another despairing wail was borne to them upon the storm-driven wind.

Not a word was spoken. Every man pulled with all his might, and the captain wrestled with the tiller. Huge waves broke incessantly over the gallant lifeboat and her crew. They struggled along; now up to their waists in water, as a great wave deluged them; now high and dry on the crest of some giant billow. Then down, down, down into its depths again, while the oncoming mountain of water towered above them and burst again, almost but never quite swamping them; and all the while, the calm, cool hand of the skilled captain grasped the tiller, and he peered out into the darkness, waiting and watching for the next. There would be a warning cry of: 'Here she comes, boys.' A thunderer of rushing waters; the boat would shiver and shake like a thing of life; then push her nose gallantly out from the maelstrom of rushing waters; the boat would shiver in torrents from her scuppers, up, up, high and dry, then down again to the next depth. And so they fought their way out on their errand of mercy, with never a thought of quitting; their only goal, the sinking ship, that now loomed out big and black before them.

She was stuck hard and fast on the dreaded 'Wolf'; the seas dashing over her and threatening every moment to break her up. Her crew and half a dozen passengers were gathered under the lee of a deck-house of her forecastle, waiting, waiting.

They hailed, with frenzied shouts, their deliverers, as the lifeboat was skilfully brought around under the leeside of the foundered vessel.

'Throw us a line,' bellowed the lifeboat captain, as he carefully gauged the distance between the two craft.

A rope circles through the air. It falls short. Again and again they try; at last the bow-man in the lifeboat holds to it and makes fast. Now comes some delicate work. In spite of the high-running sea; in spite of the blinding sleet and roaring wind, the rescue boat must be brought up to the wrecked ship. Look out! or she will be smashed to splinters against the tall sides. Watch out, there, or she will be stove in and her gallant crew shelled out like peas from the pod. A cool head and brawny arms are at work, though, until at last they bring her up a foot or so from the wreck in the comparatively smooth water of the shelter of the big ship.

'How many of you?' shouts the lifeboat captain.

The skipper of the ship is hanging to the lee rail.

'Eleven—two women,' he bellows back. 'We can stow you all one trip; can they——"

A monster greyback carries the boat out of earshot for a moment, but she comes in on the next one, aye, comes in too hard, for her gunwales crunch and grind against the sides of the big ship, and she springs apart, like a wounded animal, with a big hole in her top-lines.

'Ship your oar and shift your rowlock!' comes the sharp command from the lifeboat captain.

Too late! The oar is split to matchwood, but a spare one takes its place, and in the brief second that the boat ground against the sides, a dark bundle has been pitched into her. It is a woman, half fainting. She is hastily placed in the sternsheets, and lies there sobbing and hysterical. Again the boat lurches in, and again a human bundle is thrown into her. The two women are safe on her. Now for the men.

Three leap into her as she lay alongside for a second on the next run in. Then two more try; one jumps too far, and the waters close over him; a man at number five grabs him and he is hauled out, his head bleeding from a cut, and crying like a child. He lies sobbing in the shelter of the sternsheets, with the two women, and praying to his God; perhaps the first time he has prayed for years, for all men implore God when the wings of death hover near them.

Now comes the rest of the crew, and last the captain. Likea good, true man, he has stuck to his ship until the last. He has done all he can; there is nothing to be gained by staying, so now, for the first time, he thinks of himself. He swings free and drops into the waiting boat.

'Give 'way!' shouts the lifeboat captain.

The line is cut; the boat runs out from under the shelter of the wreck and is in the grasp of the furious gale again.

But now it roars behind her; the waves leap after her, as if anxious that their prey shall not escape; it is easy work, compared to what it was fighting their way out. The crowd on the beach is waiting for them. Many willing men dash into the surf and drag the gallant boat and its crew of heroes high and dry up on the shingles. The rescued are hustled off to the warmth and shelter of near-by cottages, and the captain is hurrying off to his little cottage again, dreading to find the Angel of Death has already spread his wings over it. One of the rescued men, refusing the proffered offer of shelter, has hastened after him. His hand falls upon the shoulder of the lifeboat captain, who wheels around, and they face each other. There is an exclamation of surprise; a joyous shout rends the air, and they fall on each other's shoulders.

'Father!'

'Son!'

Rescuer and rescued; they have met. After an absence of many years, the wayward son has returned, and has been flung by the sea into the arms of his father, who has mourned for him as dead. The prodigal son has returned; the dead has come to life!

'Come!' says the father, 'you may yet be in time!'

They hurry on, and enter the little cottage.

The doctor is still at his post. The mother still breathes.

The son leans over and gazes at those closed eyes that have looked and looked in vain for his return so long, and as he gazes at them, they open. His arms steal around the wasted form:

'Mother,' he whispers.

'My boy,' comes back the faint answer.

* * * * * *

The shock of her boy's return restored the mother to health as nothing else could have done. Back, from the very gates of Death; back to health and happiness, nursed by the tender love of husband and son, stronger and stronger every

day she grew, and now the lifeboat captain leans in his declining years upon the strong arm of his only son and the loving care of his restored wife, and often on warm spring days, when the ocean lies peaceful and shimmering in the sunlight, he tells the wonderful story of the double rescue—'When the Missus and Jack was both saved, sir.'—'American Messenger.'

A Cat That Climbs a Church Steeple.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner, several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the streets were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. 'How did it get there?' was the first question every one asked, and 'How will it get down?' was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a window some distance above where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw and took hold of the side of the basket, then she carefully repeated the action with the other paw; then with a violent effort flung herself over the other side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.—'St. Nicholas.'

Laddie.

A correspondent of the 'Scientific American' writes as follows:—

'I was the possessor of a bright, active Irish setter dog, Laddie, who accompanied me on my many drives through the country. My dog and horse were inseparable friends, and when we went out driving Laddie assumed to take charge of both the horse and myself; several times helping us out of what might have resulted in serious difficulties, at one time catching and holding the horse when frightened and running away, until I could reach her. But the instance I desire to relate occurred two years ago last spring. I was driving through a rough and hilly section of the country, where the road was frequently crossed by brooks, which at that season of the year at times, assumed large proportions, flooding both roads and bridges. I approached one of those streams over which was a bridge about 12 feet long and somewhat raised above the road on the farther side from me. The water was up to the bridge, and beyond the bridge was a pond of water some five of six rods in width, dark and muddy and several feet deep in places. A little way from the point of crossing were some large rocks standing close together, over which the dog could cross without taking to the water, and he started to cross in that manner. When I drove on to the bridge my horse stopped and refused to take to the water, which stood level with the bridge; my dog stood on one of the large rocks watching my progress, and when the horse stopped and refused to go on, the dog, with human intelligence and reasoning, instantly leaped from the rock on to the bridge, ran up in front of the horse, looked into her face, gave a sharp bark of encouragement, and then turned and deliberately walked off the bridge into the water, all the time looking over his shoulder at the horse, saying, "Come on," as plainly as his intelligent face could express those words. Then without any urging on my part the horse at once followed the dog into the water and across the flooded strip of road to the dry land, at times up to her belly in the flood, the dog swimming over the centre of the road just in front of her.'

Nan's Fence Building.

The family were at the supper table when John came in with his skates. After supper father said to him:

'John, you have been gone all the afternoon. You did not get your work done. It must be finished to-night, you know.

John went out into the shed with a gloomy brow. It was not long, however, before the tones of his voice came in very cheerfully through the closed door into the sitting-room.

'Is that Nan out in the shed with John?' asked Janetta.

Her mother smiled and nodded.

Janetta was almost grown up. She felt herself to be wise, and often liked to give her mother advice, as most of us have liked to do in our time. She gave her some now.

'I think, mother, that you ought not to let Nan help John so much. She will spoil him. It is no girl's work for her to be carrying wood for him down into the cellar. She never seems to mind what she does, if it will make things easier for John.'

'He pays her for it pretty evenly, I think,' said Mrs. Neville, quietly.

'Pays her!' repeated Janetta in surprise, looking doubtfully at her mother. 'How?'

'Keep your eyes open, and see,' said Mrs. Neville. She would give no hint of what she meant.

'John,' said Nan, when they had come back into the house and were warming themselves luxuriously, 'Eva Hastings can't go to the singing class because she hasn't anybody to take her home. We could walk just that little distance round the corner with her, couldn't we?'

'Where's her brother Jim? Why can't he go for her?'

'He'll not be bothered, he says. You always come after me, anyway. So I thought that it wouldn't be so very much farther to take Eva on home.'

'I suppose it wouldn't,' said John. 'All right.'

Janetta looked across to her mother. But Mrs. Neville's head was bent over her work.

The next day at noon John was full of a plan which the boys were making at school.

'We are going to get up a sleigh ride—just we ourselves. We are going to pay for the big sleigh among us boys. Then we will invite the young ladies to come with us.'

Janetta condescended to show a little interest. She usually felt herself much above John and his friends, but if it was a question of having a sleigh ride, when sleigh rides were few, perhaps she might forget her dignity for once to advantage. John noiced this. He was divided as to whether to feel flattered or to grumble.

'Yes, of course, some of the fellows want you, Janetta,' he said. 'They know that generally you don't remember that they are alive; and it is just possible that now and then you slip out of their memory for a minute or two at a time. But on an occasion like this, we can make believe all round. You see, it adds something to the style to have girls on board with long skirts and their hair up.'

Nan was listening wistfully. Her skirts were not long, and her hair was in a pigtail. Still, she oughtn't to be selfish; it was nice for John and Janetta, and her turn would come, by and by.

'In my own case, though,' John continued. 'I didn't choose my girl for style I have more sense. She is young; she may fall asleep during the proceedings, but she is the nicest girl in town, for all that, of any size—except mother—Nan is.'

'O John, you didn't!' cried Nan, joyfully. 'How perfectly, perfectly lovely of you!'

Janetta thought of several things, of which the sleigh was only one. Meanwhile Doctor Neville had come in for his dinner.

'John,' he said, 'I hope that you have not been making friends with those two Barbour boys.'

'I haven't,' said John; 'Nan wouldn't let me. I couldn't see anything bad in them, and they are awfully entertaining; but Nan made such a fuss that I had to give in.'

'Well, you may be very thankful to Nan,' said the father. 'They have got themselves into a miserable scrape. They were picked up on a back street drunk last night, and put in a common jail!'

While the others exclaimed and questioned, John was uncommonly silent. At the end, before he started back to school, he said, soberly:

'A fellow doesn't lose much by taking Nan's advice. Maybe if Harry and Phil Barbour had had a deacon for a sister they never would have got into such bad ways.'

In the course of the afternoon Janetta drew her chair up close to her mother's.

'Mother,' she said, 'I have watched, and I see. Nan gets high pay from John for hewing wood and drawing water — the highest.'

'I knew that you would see it before long,' said her mother. 'A girl cannot do better work than build little fences of kindness and love and goodness about her brother, which will help to keep him safe. Even if she roughens her hands a little at it, and works rather more than her share, it is worth while. Isn't it?'—'S. S. Messenger.'

The King and the Telephone.

Korea, which was for years shut to all other nations, in 1882 opened its doors to foreigners and their modern ideas. It took some time, however, for the Koreans to adapt themselves to the new inventions.

A foreigner, according to an exchange, wished to introduce the telephone into the country. The king granted him an interview, and, by means of an interpreter, the invention was explained to him. His majesty was willing and even eager to give the invention a trial, and ordered that the tomb of the queen dowager should be at once connected with the royal palace. He would like to talk to his mother, who had been dead some months.

The unfortunate foreigner explained that this was impossible. Wonderful as the telephone was, it could not reach those beyond the grave. This protest offended the king. He had been told that the telephone enabled one to converse with those who were too far away to be either seen or heard. Here was exactly a case in point. The old queen had passed away beyond the reach of voice or ear. If the stranger's words were true, he would now be able to talk to her. The thing must be done.

Done it was, as far as the telephone was concerned; but, needless to say, the poor king listened in vain for any reply from his royal mother.

Then he was very angry. The telephone was a fraud. He had given it a fair trial, and found that it was a foolish pretense. It should be destroyed at once. As for the stranger, there was no truth in him, and he must depart forthwith. And doubtless the poor scientist was glad enough to get safely out of the country.—'Youth's Companion.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

'I only know one song, and I only know a bit of that,' explained Cecilia, 'Sometimes I used to sing it over and over again to Puddin', 'cause he used to like it.'

Sing it now, Celie,' commanded Puddin', and Celie, obeying, sang. The nurses stepping about the room, stopped suddenly to look at her; the littlest girl awoke at the first note, but didn't even whimper as the full rich tones swept through the room; Mr. Daniels sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed, and simply stared at her. Could it be? Was it from that wan slip of a girl that that beautiful voice was coming? Oblivious to all, the Saint's eyes were lovingly fixed on Puddin', and her tireless hands straightened the coverlets as she sang.

'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Hark how the angels sing!'

As the last tone died away, Puddin' remarked casually to Mr. Daniels, 'Can't she sing bully?'

Mr. Daniels didn't answer, he was too deep in thought. Then he said gently, 'And who taught you to sing that song, child?'

'Oh, nobody did,' she explained, 'A lady sang it once when I went to school, and I remember that much. When I'm big I'm going to sing it all.'

'Yes, my dear, I believe you will.' He took her rough little hands in his. 'When you are big, I hope you will sing that beautiful song and many others. And if your voice stays true, and you take good care of it, then when you are a woman, you will find it a great gift indeed.'

'When I'm a "woman!"' The Saint only half understood him—'It's so long to wait. Once, last summer, I counted the seven stars seven nights, and every time I counted I wished I'd grow faster, and I never did a bit.'

'Is that so?' enquired Mr. Daniels gravely. 'I'm surprised. I always heard that wish came true.'

'I did it once before, too, and it didn't come true.' She lowered her voice confidentially. 'I wished my mother wouldn't ever drink any more.'

'I'm afraid it takes more than counting stars to stop a person's devilish drinking!' His voice was sharp and savage, and Cecilia looked at him curiously. 'The stars themselves couldn't count the drunken devils they see!' and with a frown, he stalked off.

Then it was that a nurse spoke very kindly and gently to Cecilia. She had overheard Mr. Daniels's remark, and she looked after him pityingly. 'If I were you, I wouldn't speak of drinking to him, dear.'

'Why wouldn't you?' The Saint's keen mind had half a suspicion of what she would hear, and yet she felt horrified when she heard.

'Listen, dear, and then you mustn't chatter. Mr. Daniels is a very nice man indeed, a college friend of Dr. Hanauer's, and has everything in the world to make him happy. But even "he" isn't always strong enough to control himself, and then he forgets and drinks until he is sick and ashamed. That is when he comes here to Dr. Hanauer, who helps him to get strong, and tries to keep him from touching the miserable stuff. And Mr. Daniels is very kind to every one about, and is always very good to our patients, for he is a rich man, and has no one to care for. So we are all very fond of him, and we never make him feel badly by speaking of such things.'

Cecilia sat very still, her face drawn and grave. Could it be! Was it possible that Mr. Daniels, who seemed to be of another world than that of Flanery Court—the Mr. Daniels who gave Puddin' the flowers and the book and the pictures,—who seemed at home in this wonderful place and talked so familiarly with Dr. Hanauer—he get drunk, like her mother! She wondered if he ever staggered as she used to—if he got so ugly and quarrelsome—if he had a bottle like the awful one she remembered that always seemed to have a devil in it. What would Jim say when she told him? Would he say that Mr. Daniels was fighting a big fight, as he told her of her mother, and that she ought to be very sorry?

As she thought it all over, a great pity came over her for this man who seemed so capable.

She turned to the nurse. 'Is that why he is here now?' she asked.

The nurse nodded. 'Sometimes he stays a week, sometimes a month, sometimes longer. We are always glad when he isn't here, for we know then he is fighting it back!'

And so the nurse knew too, like Jim, that it was a fight! The awfulness of it, the dread of fighting such a dreadful thing as that bottle, was pictured in her face. The nurse saw it, and said, 'Don't think of it, dear. Why should you know of such things?'

The Saint smiled bitterly as she rose to go, and kissed Puddin' good-bye. Hadn't she known of such things ever since she had known anything at all! She was fiercely glad that the nurse didn't know it.

As she went down the hall, she saw that the door of Mr. Daniels' room stood ajar. With the freedom bred in the Court, she pushed it back, and entered. Mr. Daniels sat at the desk by the window, but his head was bent low on his arms, crossed on the book before him. He did not hear her as she came in, but felt the timid touch on his shoulder, and as he lifted his head she saw that his eyes were red and heavy. He tried to smile gaily, but she impulsively put her hand on his and said:

'I'm awful sorry, Mr. Daniels, honest I am that you've got to fight, too! I know how hard it is, 'cause Jim's always telling me!'

'My dear child! What do you mean?' He looked puzzled and hurt and—ashamed.

'I mean fightin' back the drink!' He looked at her just a moment dully, then he leaned his head down again, and the Saint heard something that sounded like a sob.

'Do you care 'cause I know it?' Cecilia bent over him as she might over Puddin'. 'Do you think I'd tell? Well, I won't! I promise honest injun I won't!' Then, as if his bent head implied unbelief in her promise, she whispered, 'I never told on my mother either.'

He sat up straight and looked at her bitterly. 'Thank you. But it isn't a secret! You may tell Jim, whose acquaintance I haven't the honor of possessing, that it is a hard fight—and I'm a coward, and beaten!'

'No, you're not!' Her voice rang out and attracted Dr. Hanauer, passing through the hall. 'You're not a coward if you stay and fight—you're only a coward when you run away. And Jim says that if you stand up and try your best that God'll be sure to forget everything else.'

'And Jim is right!' Dr. Hanauers' voice was strong and true. 'It's no shame to fail after an honest effort and sooner or later, if you keep on fighting, you'll win the battle!'

'Keep on fighting, Mr. Daniels, won't you?' She pushed her hair back from her eyes, and looked at him earnestly. 'I want you to win, 'cause I like you, and I know you're good!'

There, now, Billy, that ought to brace you up!' The doctor tried to laugh, but failed miserably.

Mr. Daniels surveyed silently for a moment the tense little form, the earnest honest eyes, and the pinched pale cheeks. Then he took both her hands in his, and said solemnly, 'I've been fighting hard, Saint Cecilia, and for a long while, and I was about to give it up. But if you've found any good in me, then I'll keep on fighting, so help me God!'

XII.

THE SHADOW SETTLING OVER JIM.

Cecilia never forgot to tell Jim any item of interest, and when the very few supper dishes had been cleared away, she sat down cozily by the little stove to tell him all the news of the Court. Even the boys, knowing as well as she the important events of the day, still liked to listen to her rendering of them. Mickey Daley, busily engaged in drawing a marvellous rabbit on the frost-touched panes of Jim's door, voiced the sentiment of his friends, when he announced one evening, 'Sure, Jim, 'twas nice in here afore the Saint kem here, but it's even finer now.'

'It is that,' Jim responded promptly. ''Tis as much finer as my flute there is finer than your wooden whistle.

The boys looked up expectantly. Any reference to his flute meant usually, its coming down from the shelf. But if Jim meant to take it down, he said nothing, only knocked the ashes from his pipe.

'You're a goin' to play, ain't you, Jim?' queried Mickey.

'And what makes you think I am?' Jim's face expressed great surprise.

''Cause we all want yer to.' Mickey's reasoning might have been faulty, but it was effective. Jim reached for the flute, and remarked affably, ''Tis few things you'll be gettin' in this world just because ye want them! So you might as well have this so long as you can get it for the asking.'

Cecilia, so close to the fire that her one cheek glowed red in the warmth, looked lovingly at Jim as he leaned back against the wall, his scant hair ruffled, his eyes fixed dreamily on the ceiling. She thought as she looked, that his face looked thinner than usual, and his black eyes seemed set further back from his grayish black brows. She leaned forward anxiously, and asked, 'You're feeling all right, ain't you, Jim?'

Jim took the flute from his mouth, and his glance, half loving, half grateful, met hers. 'Did you ever know me to be sick, Cecilia? She never had, and she laughed lightly as she leaned back in the stove's shadow.

As if to prove that he was indeed feeling quite well, Jim played the most rollicking airs he knew, while the boys applauded vigorously. Then he played one which they all seemed to know, for they listened attentively while he played, and then shouted their approval.

'That was bully, wasn't it?' remarked Mickey to Andy Flynn, who, seated contentedly upon the floor, was half asleep, with his head upon his knees, propped up under his chin. 'What was it?' he asked sleepily.

'Ah, go on!' Mickey's tones were full of scorn. 'Don't we sing it in school!'

'Sure,' one of the other boys responded. 'It's "America."'

'I say it ain't!' Mickey's tones were decided. 'What do you know about it? It's "My Country 'Tis of Thee.'"

'Well, I say it ain't!' The tones were just as decided, and a trifle warlike. 'It says "America" over the piece. If you could read, you'd know it.'

Mickey sprang to his feet, prepared to settle the debate with his fists, but Jim simply leaned forward, and said quietly, 'And did you forget that I was tellin' you if ye ever started fightin' in this shop, you'd stay out?' Mickey's fist dropped to his side, but he announced in tones of subdued emphasis that when the leader of the affirmative side appeared at the pump in the morning, he'd punch the name into him.

(To be continued.)

The Boy From the Mines.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in 'Child's Hour.')

If one has never seen anything larger than—you know I mean water, of course—than—than a brook that isn't a brook, because it don't gurgle any and rushes along inside a box that runs miles and miles and miles on top of trestle-work, or a savage, noisy spurt that hisses out of a pipe nozzle and goes tearing great holes into a mountain-side with its teeth and nails, why, of course, one can't know how one feels when he steps right out in front of a big ocean that stretches off beyond anybody knows where.

I s'pose I was tired, and maybe just a teeny bit cross. Anyway, mamma said so; and I've found that while mamma's always wrong when she first says things—against me, you know—after awhile, when I've started into a new play, and the old one's getting cold, and I've had more time to think things over the wrong has a funny way of always twisting round to be right. Well, mamma said I was cross, but t'was excused, as we'd had five whole days and five whole nights on the cars, and it was awful tiresome, except when looking out of the window and eating at the funny joggling tables, and when the other travel folks into whose laps I climbed gave me candy.

Then, when we got to the hotel—near the ocean, you know—it was dark and I hadn't seen the water yet, and there were lots of little children, and somehow it got out I didn't know anything except boxes and spurts and things, and then how they looked at me and laughed.

That made me crosser, for folks don't like to be told they're foolish even if they are; and—and—well, those children did know an awful lot, though I wouldn't have let them know I thought so for anything. Why, they could talk about crabs and mussels and sea tides and breakers and wild things like that just as easy as I could about old boxes and nozzle spurts. It made me feel like—like a tenderfoot.

Well, some of the cross—or maybe 'twas the mean feeling that I was really and truly foolish and didn't know a thing they were talking about—stayed with me all night. It was there while we were eating breakfast, and grew more when I saw all the other children looking over at me from different tables and snickering.

And just as soon as we got through eating, there they came crowding around me, like I was a circus, and all asking at once to show me the ocean. Of course I knew they all wanted to be in at the round-up—the death, you know—to split their sides laughing.

But I hadn't been brought up in the mines for nothing, with cayotes and wolves and other wild things howling round at night, and live bears being brought into camp by hunters, and seen my own papa shoot a grizzly not twenty feet from where I stood. No, sir! I just smiled and said I'd be pleased to have them all go along. And then—just think of it! and a five-year-old boy, too, who'd seen real live Indians in war paint—I asked if the ocean would run right up and swallow us if we didn't watch sharp. You see, I'd heard papa read about waves running mountain high and swallowing boats, and it didn't seem as if a boy even five years old would be more than a bite. It did truly seem all right to me—what I said, you know—but how they did laugh! And I laughed, too, though my face got red.

Well, we all walked down from the hotel, past some stores, and by the bathing houses, and then up over a—a sand dune, and there we were, with nothing but just ocean.

It's been quite a long time now—over a month—so I don't mind saying square out that my legs shook so I dropped flat down. You see, it looked as if there wasn't anything but water over everything, and I felt sort of choking up, like I was being drowned. It's awful when one feels like that.

But every one of those children just haw-hawed right out. I s'pose they couldn't help it, and that I'd do the same thing myself now. But it stiffened my legs quick. I'd been feeling cross before that, and—and small. They both slipped away then, and I was mad, just mad, and nothing else. And I said things. I don't know what now, except one was about standing close to a wild grizzly—the one papa shot, you know—and not crying or running, and that I didn't believe they could do any better

with all their crabs and mussels and sea tides and breakers and other wild things.

Well, sirs! this is a funny old world. But maybe you've found that out. All those children were standing round me now with mouths wide open and eyes bulging. You see, they hadn't heard me say much about myself except that I didn't know the ocean. And questions! and talk! Papa says when I get started there isn't any schedule for stopping. And I s'pose I really was more silly then than when they thought I was silly. When we went down to the beach they hung round me like I was the whole thing with a chimney, and I felt so big I sat right down on the sand and pulled off my shoes and stockings and went in wading with the others and wasn't a bit afraid.

Huh, silly, wasn't it? But I've been here a month now, and we're going to stay another month; and I like the ocean first-rate.—'Child's Hour.'

The Cat And Her Pet.

Tabby, our old cat, lived in the barn with her family of kittens. She made her home in the stall of Dandy, one of the farm horses, and the kittens were always under his feet. But Dandy was fond of cats, and in some miraculous way avoided harming his guests.

One day I noticed a young rat about the size of a full-grown mouse running about the stall with the kittens. Surprised that Tabby did not notice it, I caught her and held her nose down to it. She licked its face, and then walked away. One morning, perhaps a week later, I found Tabby and her family established on a flower bed near the kitchen door. I gathered the kittens into my apron, and as I lifted the last one I uncovered the rat. It was taking its breakfast just as naturally and contentedly as the kittens, but when Tabby got up the little thing scurried away into the sweet peas.

I carried the kittens to the granary and put them in a corner on a pile of empty sacks. When I turned round, Tabby was just coming in the door with her foster baby in her mouth. She put it down in the corner with the kittens, but it immediately hid under the sacks. I placed a saucerful of milk on the floor and stood back out of sight to watch developments.

Tabby, after lapping it a moment, called her family. The kittens responded slowly, and then the tiny rat darted from its hiding-place under the sacks and scrambled over the edge of the saucer, headforemost into the milk. When it climbed out, Tabby attended to its toilet, licking the milk all off. After she had finished, the rat didn't look much larger than the first joint of a man's thumb, but it sat up on its haunches and washed its face, head, and ears in the most comical way.

We were all interested in this most unnatural adoption, but one morning the queer foster-nursling was missing, and we never knew what became of it.—'Edinburgh Scotsman.'

Babyland.

'How many miles to Babyland?'
'Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To the right;
Please to ring the bell.'

'What can you see in Babyland?'
'Little folks in white—
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.'

'What do they do in Babyland?'
'Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.'

'What do they say in Babyland?'
'Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.'

'Who is the queen of Babyland?'
'Mother, kind and sweet,
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.'

—Selected.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Aug., it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

He Was a Coward.

'Now for a ride!' exclaimed Dick, the largest of a group of boys who were playing marbles on the sidewalk, as he noticed a heavily-loaded waggon being drawn slowly down the street.

'N-o, let's just play on. My mamma told me never to steal rides that way, or sometime I would get hurt,' said Johnny, the smallest boy in the crowd.

'Ba-ah, I wouldn't be tied to my mammy's apron-string! What does she know about it anyway? Why, I've been having all the rides I want ever since I was three or four years old and never got hurt yet!' exclaimed Dick, scornfully.

Johnny loved his mamma, and knew he would be perfectly safe in obeying her, but when the other boys called him a 'coward' as they started toward the waggon he followed them.

No sooner had the last boy climbed on than the driver turned around and began lashing the boys right and left with his long whip. Johnny received a blow across his eyes which caused him to fall backward down between the two wheels—the hinder one running over his ankle.

The next thing he knew he was lying on the sofa. His mother was bathing his face, and the doctor was working with his ankle. Oh, how it did hurt! And his head and his eyes—he thought they would burst! His mamma was crying, but she smiled as he looked up into her face and said, 'I was afraid you would never open your eyes!'

Aside from being badly bruised, a bone was broken in his ankle, and Johnny was unable to walk without a crutch for several weeks.

Several days after his accident he had a long talk with his mamma about 'cowards,' and before it ended he decided that the boy who lets any one shame him into disobeying his mother is a real coward, while the little man who is tied tight enough to his mother's apron-string that the boys may call him a coward all they want to and still be unable to force him to disobey her—that kind of a boy is a real little soldier. —'American Boys and Girls.'

Correspondence

ADDRESS WANTED.

Will Marola Stewart, kindly send her Post Office address in full, as a letter to her has just been returned, uncalled for.

Editor.

E., S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' almost a year, and I like it very much. I was 13 years old the 28th of February. I live on a farm, and like it. I am in the sixth grade. Our school commences the first Monday in September. I am going to send a riddle. There was a man, he had no eyes, he went abroad to view the skies. He saw a tree with apples on it, he took no apples off, he left no apples on it.

LYDIA V. H.

L, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' about two years, and I think it is the best paper I ever took. It is very warm here now. The strawberries are ripe, and the cherries are getting ripe.

I think Kansis is a nice place to live, for it is such a pretty country. The hills are all green with grass and flowers. I have been fishing a good many times this year, and have caught a good many fish.

I am very fond of reading, and have read several books. I saw some riddles in the 'Messenger' which I think I can answer. The answer to the first one of Margaret A. Ellis's is a potato; the second one is a stalk of corn.

WINNIFRED TAYLOR.

K. G., P.E.I.

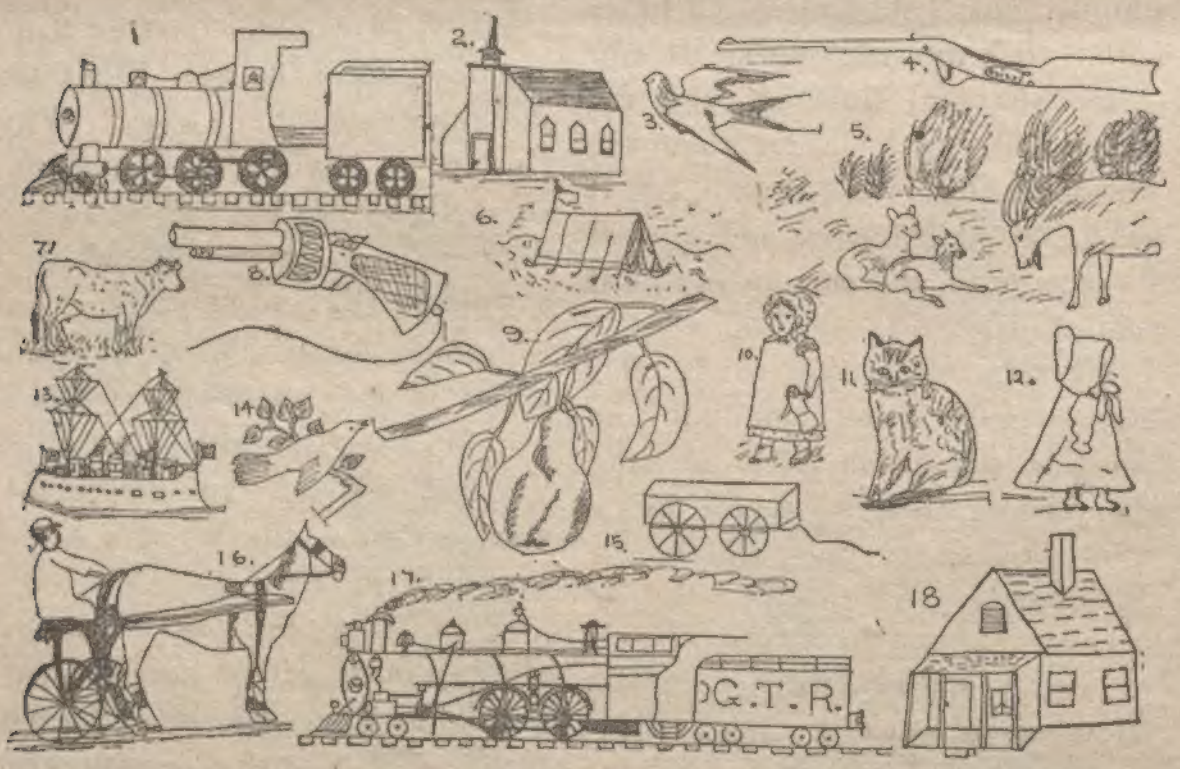
Dear Editor,—As I do not see very many letters from P. E. I., I thought that I would write one. It is very nice here in summer, but sometimes the winters are very rough. I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and always enjoy reading it. I have the papers and make books of them, and lend them to my friends. I have five sisters and two brothers, but they are all away at present except one brother. I am the youngest of the family, and I suppose that is the reason I have never been away much. I go to the Presbyterian Church, which is about two and a half miles from here. We are going to have an L built to it this summer, as some Sundays it is very hard to find a seat for all. Of course, that shows what a good minister we have. I have read a good many books, but I can't say which I liked the best.

PEARL F. STAVERT.

C., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken the 'Messenger' for seven months, and like it very much. I am ten years old, and I am in the third book. Some of the books which I have read are: 'Christie's Old Organ,' 'Lamplighter,' 'Fire.' 'Rollo's Vacation,' 'Nature Story Books.' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Little Sunshine's Holiday,' 'Maud's Visit to the Sandy Beach. I am going to give a riddle: Why does a miller wear a white cap?

M. WEIR.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Toy Engine.' Gordon Atkinson, W.B.
2. 'Old Mohawk Church.' Dochie Pearce, B., Ont.
3. 'Swallow.' J. Robertson, R.P., P.E.I.
4. 'Air Rifle.' Robbie Gordon, E., Ont.
5. 'Goat and Kids.' Mary Close, S. M.
6. 'Camping.' Jean Robson, E., N.S.
7. 'Cow.' Lillian E. Taylor, C., N.S.
8. 'Colts Revolver.' Dan S. Bannerman. C., Alta.
9. 'A Pear and Branch.' Hazel L. McLean, S.D., Ont.
10. 'Baby.' Joseph Pintal, M., Que.
11. 'Pussy.' V. G. Shillington, E., Sask.
12. 'Little Sun-bonnet Baby.' Agnes McL. Thompson, S., Man.
13. 'Battleship.' Clarence H., C., Ont.
14. 'Mocking Bird.' Holmes Matthie, Ont.
15. 'A Carl.' Sadie Robinson, M.U., N.S.
16. 'Dan aPtch.' Thomas E. Anderson, Sask.
17. 'Engine.' Harry Clark, B., Ont.
18. 'Summer Cottage.' Bessie Webster, R., Assa.

MORE RIDDLES.

There have been a large number of letters answering and asking riddles. Ruth Ludlum, of L., Ont., answers two and sends in this: —

Round as an apple, busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing I ever did see.

Annie C. McPhedran, of F., Ont. answers the cat puzzle, and Annie Wismer knows who 'Old Mother Twickenham is. She also sends in these questions:—

1. What is the shyest thing in the world?
2. What has its heart in its head?

Ernest Pushee answers one, and gives two more riddles.

1. A hill full, a hole full, but you can't catch a bowl full?
2. How many feet have forty sheep, a shepherd, and his dog?

Tillie Carr sends ein these:—

1. What key is the hardest to turn?
2. Make one word out of a new door,

Hannah Trefry, of Y., N.S., knows what four letters would frighten a thief, and what animal looks most like a cat, and there is no doubt her answers are correct.

Tena Beckham, a little girls 8 years old, gives the right answer to one.

Grace Monkham, of P. E., Ont., tells about her home, and sends in these questions:—

1. When is the best time to study the book of Nature?
2. Who can take the half of twelve and leave seven?

M. Agnes Moore, of C., N.B., answers three riddles, and sends three more:—

1. How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?
2. How does a stove feel when it is full of coals?
3. When is a clock dangerous on the stairs?

Leila L., of H., Ont., sends in the same question as Annie Wismer's second one, and this as well:—

Why is a colt like an egg?

The Editor also received nice little letters from Lena G. Proctor, of B.P., P.E.I., from Ida M. Hillie, of N., Man., and from Laura McDonald, of G., Que.

S. R. L.

Dear Editor,—I noticed in the 'Messenger' how some one spent a rainy Sunday in finding texts for all the letters of the alphabet, so I spent another rainy Sunday in finding the texts in my Bible, they are as follows.—

A. 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.'—Matt. xxviii., 18.

B. 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'—Luke xiii., 35.

C. 'Come unto Me.'—Matt. xi., 28.

D. 'Deliver me, O, my God.'—Psalms xlix., 1.

E. 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'—II. Timothy ii., 3.

F. 'Fight the good fight of faith.'—II. Timothy, vi., 12.

G. 'Go, work to-day in my vineyard.'—Matt. xxi., 28.

H. 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'—John vi., 37.

I. 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.'—John xii., 32.

J. 'Joy cometh in the morning.'—Psalm xxx., 5.

K. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence.'—Prov. iv., 23.

L.——

M. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'—II. Cor. xii., 9.

N. 'Now is the accepted time.'—II. Cor. vi. 2.

O. 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.'—Psalm lxxxi., 10.

P. 'Pray without ceasing.'—I. Thess. v., 17

Q. 'Quicken thou me.'—Psalm cxix., 25.

R. 'Rest in the Lord.'—Psalm xxxvii., 7.

S.——

T. 'Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.'—Job xi., 18.

U. 'Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.'—I. Pet. ii., 7.

V. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, etc.'—John iii., 3.

W. 'Wait upon the Lord.'—Prov. xx., 22.

X. 'Except ye be converted, etc.'—Matt. xviii., 3.

Y. 'Yet there is room.'—Luke xiv., 22.

Z. 'Zaccheus, make haste and come down.'—Luke xix., 5.

I would like to know where the texts for L. and S. are found, as I could not find them.

EVA. M. NICHOLS.

(How many readers can supply such texts?—Cor. Ed.)

A Brooch Free.

If anyone knows of a Sunday School that does not distribute the 'Northern Messenger,' and will send us a post card with the names and addresses of the Superintendent, the Secretary and the Pastor, we will forward the sender by return of post one of our beautiful Maple Leaf brooches, free of all charge.

Should two persons from the same district send in this information concerning the same Sunday School, we will award the brooch to the first sender, and notify the other to that effect.

We want the information for a particular purpose, and the one sending it will be doing the Sunday School in question a good turn.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19, 1906.

The Judge, The Pharisee and the Publican.

Luke xviii., 1-14.

Golden Text.

God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii., 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 13.—Luke xviii., 1-14.

Tuesday, August 14.—Luke xi., 1-13.

Wednesday, August 15.—Mark vii., 24-30.

Thursday, August 16.—Is. i., 10-20.

Friday, August 17.—Ps. li., 1-13.

Saturday, August 18.—Neh. i.

Sunday, August 19.—Matt. xviii., 1-16.

(By Davis W. Clark).

Two went to pray; or, rather, say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not send his eye.
One Hearer to the altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

—Anon.

Most pictorial of parables! On background of temple these antipodal worshippers live and move and have a being. Jesus deals in no abstractions or generalities, no vague ratiocination. He just personifies, incarnates, concretes truth. In the Pharisee one sees the false and fruitless; in the publican the true and successful worshipper.

How true the Pharisee is to his name, which signifies 'separatist!' He stands apart to avoid ceremonial pollution, and to be more conspicuous. He strikes an attitude. He is statuesque. He is in full regalia of talith and phylactery. He

'Stands up close, and treads on high.'

He gets as close to the holiest place as a layman dares to tread. With outstretched palms and upturned eyes, he begins his self-laudation before the Deity.

'I thank Thee'—that is a promising prelude. But the next syllable dashes us with disappointment. He does not recognize God as the Author of his good character or happy environment. He does not say, 'But for the grace of God I might be an extortioner, unjust, an adulterer, or a publican.' Depreciation would have followed a sincere confession of grace. He would have cried, 'I am not worthy of the least of these Thy benefits,' but haughtiness and presumption are his characteristics. He will fain confess the publican's sins for him, as he has none of his own to speak of.

He passes now from the denial of gross sins to the affirmation of his active pieties. Though the Levitical law only required one annual fast, he abstained from food every Monday and Thursday. Though Moses only exacted a tenth of certain items in one's income, he tithes all his annual gains. So, through supererogation, God is his debtor. Superlative audacity! He poses there in absolute complacency before the holiness of highest heaven.

This publican, this inferior tax-collector, has found his way to the temple with a purpose. It was an uncommon thing to see one of this class on holy ground. Whatever their faults, and however numerous, hypocrisy was not one of them. They did not pose as saints. Here was an awakened sinner. He had come up the holy hill to get clean hands and a pure heart. He had faith in the promises and provisions of the first covenant of grace.

He stands on the opposite side of the court from the Pharisee, just inside the inclosure. He dares not 'send his eyes' toward the sanctuary. He keeps smiting his breast with self-accusing gesture, and keeps crying in an unprescribed but noble collect. 'God be propitiated toward me, the sinner.' He attempts no palliation. He confesses, 'I have sinned and done evil.' He is in the oblivion and self-abandon of penitence, only conscious of the Eye that is on him from above. He tries not the ever unwise expedient of comparing himself with others. He looks at himself in the perfect law of God, that mirror that has no aberration. He is emptied of self and hungering and thirsting after righteousness. The moral universe would have tottered to ruin had he not been filled. How long think you it took for his Miserere to chord into the hallelujah of salvation?

'I tell you.' That is ex-cathedra,—Jesus' own decision from which there is no appeal. No one knows what became of the Pharisee. Of the party who thought so much of himself it is not deemed a matter of sufficient importance even to mention his exit. But in the court of highest heaven the indictment against the publican was ordered erased from the record. Henceforth, because of his penitence and faith, and through the mercy of God, he was to be accounted just and righteous. The way home and home itself was transfigured by the luminous power of an inward experience.

Now follows what a little girl aptly called 'the children's gospel.' Some parents, knowing that Jesus was about to leave the neighborhood, and that another opportunity might not be afforded, pressed forward with their little folks that they might receive the Teacher's blessing. They hoped that His look and word might be caught upon the sensitive plate of the child's memory. The disciples consider it an intrusion, the waste of time that might be employed in the instruction of adults.

But Jesus encouraged their coming in the immortal words which fix unequivocally the spiritual status of child-life. They, and they alone, who resemble them in spirit belong to the kingdom. The characteristic traits of the child—trustfulness, docility, teachableness, obedience, are the indispensable requisites for citizenship in the kingdom of God.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. A Pictorial Parable.
   Two sorts of worshippers made to live before the reader.
   One false, fruitless; other, true, successful.
2. Pharisee. 'separatist.'
   Self-laudation before Deity.
   Presumption and haughtiness.
   Gross sins denied.
   Active pieties affirmed.
3. Publican.
   Comes with a purpose.
   Penitent. Believing.
   Depreciation; no palliation attempted.
   No comparisons.
   Hungers for righteousness.
   Miserere transposed to hallelujah.
4. Jesus' ex-cathedra conclusion.
   'I tell you.' Exit of Pharisee unnoted.
   Publican goes 'justified.'
5. The Children's Gospel.
   Spiritual status of child-life defined.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The great influx of pilgrim caravans to Jerusalem was probably the immediate suggestion of the parable. Multitudes were going up to pray—Jesus pictures for all and for all time the false and the true spirit of prayer.

* * * *

Language of man can not produce a stronger antithesis. Here are two portraits in one frame. Spiritual haughtiness. Penitent humility. The one ugly in the extreme. The other wonderfully engaging.

* * * *

How about our Church-goers of to-day? Are their likenesses to be found in this parable?

* * * *

The age-old contrast still maintains—the conflict goes on. It is still 'Works' and 'Faith.' The effort to merit heaven: to make God's one debtor; to pile up a surplus of good deeds; all this tends to pride, complacency, self-righteousness. This 'deadly doing' must be laid down, all down at Jesus' feet.

* * * *

A parallel Bible-reading:

1. The Character of the Pharisee:

'And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things; and they derided Him. And He said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.' (Luke xvi., 14, 15.)

* * * *

2. Why the Pharisee was unheard:

'But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear.' (Isa. lix., 2.)

* * * *

'And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood.' (Isa. i., 15.)

* * * *

3. The Humbling of the Proud:

'And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.' (Isa. v., 15.)

* * * *

4. God near to the Humble:

'For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.' (Isa. lvii., 15.)

* * * *

5. God near the Penitent:

'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.' (Psa. xxiv., 18.)

* * * *

6. The Exaltation of the Humble:

'When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up; and He shall save the humble person.' (Job xxii., 29.)

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 19.—Topic—What is the sin of phariseeism? Luke xi., 42-44.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A DISCOURAGED PROPHET.

Monday, August 13.—Baal's prophets killed. I. Kings xviii., 40.

Tuesday, August 14.—The little cloud. I. Kings xviii., 41-44.

Wednesday, August 15.—The return to Jezreel. I. Kings xviii., 45, 46.

Thursday, August 16.—Jezebel's threat. I. Kings xix., 1-3.

Friday, August 17.—Elijah's discouragement. I. Kings xix., 8-14.

Saturday, August 18.—What God said. I. Kings xix., 18.

Sunday, August 19.—Topic—A discouraged prophet under a juniper tree. I. Kings xix., 4-8.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britian and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Temperance

Send That Boy to Me.

'The pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. That is what the permanent men at the railroad shops complain about; this place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we trust you to choose his successor. They may ask you a few questions about the candidate for form's sake, at the office, but your man is sure to pass muster.'

The above was addressed by a busy railroad official to a city lawyer, who replied:

'There is my friend's son, Urban Starr; his father spoke to me about employment for him. To be sure, Urban is rather above the place as to talent and culture; but times are hard, and the young should climb the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him.'

'Thank you! I'll be doubly obliged if you will take your applicant up to the office and see him accepted.' And the railroad man hurried away.

To this conversation there had been a deeply interested but sad-hearted listener—Theodore Young, the faithful office boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for some such place as the one described. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, whom he yearned to help, and who was so poor that forty dollars a month seemed wealth to her boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theo., saying:

'Here, Theo., though it isn't your work, won't you note the dates of these letters and file them away in order while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr's?'

Theo. attended carefully to the papers and was waiting for the letter before it was finished. A great desire was swelling in his throat till it ached, and when the finished letter was handed to him his request burst forth in trembling eagerness:

'Do you think, sir, there are, or may be, any low places at the railroad shops for which you would venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work very hard to deserve promotion, and perhaps in years I might come to such a place as this for Urban Starr.'

'How can we spare our good, trusty Theo? But, I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go, too, and I'll interview the parties about something for you.'

'Oh, thank you, sir,' cried Theo, and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand. A few hours later found Urban and Theo waiting in an ante-room, while the lawyer made known his business about Urban to the railroad officials, who said:

'Oh, yes; thank you for bringing him. The last employee your firm sent was a treasure, and we don't need to ask questions about this one; yet there is one essential thing that I will mention. Of course, you know this person, like the last, to be strictly temperate—total abstinence, pledged and practiced?'

'No, sir, I know nothing of the kind; but on the contrary, while my friend, Mr. Starr, is temperate he isn't one of the total kind. There is wine for the guests at New Year's, and Urban takes his glass like the rest.'

'Excuse me, then; but he won't do for our employ. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements.'

'He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of great value to you.'

'It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from boyhood voluntarily abstinent.'

'Very well; Urban Starr is above need of the place. Good morning! Oh, excuse me for having forgotten another matter; there is here a lad with me—in fact, our own office boy—for whom I've promised to ask if you've any kind of a place ever coming vacant into which you could put him with hope of the future. We hate to lose him, for he is trusty, capable, willing, writes a good hand, and is quick at figures.'

'How is he on total abstinence?'

'Oh, he is square on that. Signed the pledge when a child. Never took a first glass. Regards a glass of wine with superstitious horror.'

'Send him in, if you please; we would like to talk to him.'

Theo came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming: 'They say I'm just the one they want for the place you didn't take for Urban. They only laughed when I said I feared there was some mistake. Don't Urban want the situation?'

'It is all right, Theo. Please remember when you are a railroad president that you owe your success in life to ——?'

This occurred, for this is all true, several years ago, and Theo has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the love and confidence of all who know him, while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.—'Christian Statesman.'

What They Produce.

Here is an illustration of what saloons produce. In one corner of Oklahoma, a few miles from the Indian Territory line, there is a saloon from which has come in four years ten murders, sixteen assaults with intent to kill, and eighty-one cases on the commissioner's docket for the illegal introduction of whiskey into Indian Territory. —Selected.

Seventy-five Out of Seventy-six.

On Dec. 12, says Mr. E. W. Chafin, I was at Mound City, Pulaski county, Ill. There was a murder case on trial before Circuit Judge Butler, of Caro. At the close of the trial the judge, in rendering his decision, said: 'The case at bar is the seventy-sixth murder case I have tried, either as state's attorney or as judge, during the past nineteen years. I have kept a careful record of each case, and I have to say that in seventy-five of the seventy-six, whiskey was the exciting cause.'

Abstinence Commended.

I have tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits, because I take no spirits; I am hale, because I take no ale; take no antidote in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance I sought the public good, I have found my own also since I became a total abstainer. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one:—(1) My health is stronger; (2) my head is clearer; (3) my heart is lighter; (4) my purse is heavier.—Dr. Thomas Guthrie.

Alcohol Poisons the Blook.

The 'Christian Endeavor world' (Chicago) tells of a Japanese lieutenant with a wound in his left lung who lay in the hospital next to an officer with a wound in each lung. The second was in a far more serious condition, yet he recovered far more quickly, and was dismissed from the hospital more than a month earlier. The lieutenant, when he asked the reason, was told by the surgeon, 'the other officer's blood is not poisoned by alcohol and tobacco as yours is.' The lieutenant is now an outspoken Temperance man. Every soldier in his company has signed the pledge.

Dr. David Paulson, a prominent physician of Chicago, declares that the eating of pepper sauce and limburger cheese by boys creates in them an appetite for cigarettes and whiskey. Parents are guilty of criminal carelessness, according to Dr. Paulson, when they allow highly seasoned food to be served to their children. Dr. Paulson is backed by the entire medical profession in this affirmation.

Poems Wanted.

Can any of our readers send us a copy of a poem called 'King Alcohol,' published in the 'Messenger' a number of years ago.

Another of our readers asks for a poem called 'Farmer John's Temperance Sheep.' The words of the last verse are.

Well pleased I ween was John the farmer,
Until Jack, a sly young elf,
Said, 'Say, now father hadn't you better
Take a year old sheep yourself?'
Down fell the eyes of John the farmer,
And he kept them down until
He signed the pledge that lay on the table,
As he said 'My boys, I will.'

Chorus—
The boys all said, 'Oh, yes,'
And John the farmer cried,
'Yo, ho, I've temperance sheep a-plenty,
Every one shall be supplied.'

Britain's Wine Bill.

Within the short space of six years the consumption of wine in the United Kingdom has fallen nearly 50 per cent., and the quantity now drunk per head of the population is only a little more than a flagon, or 1 3-4 quarts, in the year.

A writer in the 'Wine Trade Review' declares that the quantity of wine consumed in the United Kingdom in 1905-6 is smaller by about a million gallons than in any year since Mr. Gladstone's famous Budget of 1860, when the duties on light wines were reduced to something like to-day's figures.

The following table, giving the population of the United Kingdom, and the number of gallons of wine consumed in three separate years, shows how great is the decrease:—

	Population.	Galls. of Wine.
1873	32,000,000	18,027,000
1900	40,800,000	17,147,000
1905-6	43,000,000	11,800,000

The decrease, however, only applies to the imports from the old wine-producing countries. The consumption of Australian wines is on the increase, and these wines now constitute one twenty-eighth of the total import.

The total imports of Australian wines in 1860 were 951 gallons; in 1885, 163,406 gallons; in 1890, 315,113 gallons; and in 1900, 823,503 gallons. The writer believes that this increase is due to a desire to economise.—Temperance League Journal.'

Sober Japanese.

Mr. Yoshito Komma, the Japanese Vice-Consul in Chicago, translates the following testimony:— 'Never drink wine,' says Field Marshal Oyama. Major-General Fukushima says: 'If I had been a drinker, my journey on horseback through Siberia would have, perhaps, been a failure.' 'The late Commander Hirose, a hero of the Japanese navy, had never drunk sake nor smoked tobacco,' says Admiral Yamamotoo, Minister of the Navy. The late Colonel Ishikawa said that sake and tobacco were the most formidable enemies of health. The late Colonel Ishimura never touched sake nor tobacco. Commander Iwamuro says: 'I myself gave up drinking wine long ago, and have been a temperance man ever since.' General Kuroki is also an abstainer.

The Welsh Revival.

The 'Goleuad,' the organ of the Calvinistic Methodists, states that one result of the revival in South Wales is the decision of a well-known solicitor to give up taking cases on behalf of brewers, and in doing this he is sacrificing £2,000 a year. The 'Goleuad' asks, 'Who after the hearing of this fact will deny that the revival is not something fearfully substantial?' It adds that the next thing it will expect to hear is that the Welsh Liberal members of Parliament who are barristers and accept briefs to appear on behalf of the 'trade' have decided to follow the example of this solicitor.—'Alliance News.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Work for Grandfather.

I have always found that old men had more trouble than old women, to engage themselves happily, writes Ella W. Peattie, in 'Good Housekeeping.' In Wales and in Scotland, among the working classes, it is the old men who do the knitting. And a mighty comfortable custom it is, too. But this is not the fashion in our part of the world. Too often men with much vitality and imagination permit themselves to sink into a semilethargic state merely because they do not need to work and can find nothing in particular to do.

The sensible daughter or daughter-in-law will see, however, that grandfather is provided with occupations. It will be best for him and best for her that he is so provided. Very often what may be termed the work of a steward may be given to him. He can arrange for the winter wood and coal, keep memoranda of taxes, insurance, interest, etc., and see to it, personally, that the busy master of the house does not neglect these matters. He can oversee the work of the stablemen or gardeners. He can do the marketing or at least arrange for the staples. Of course, in many households where the beautiful virtues of patience and mutual consideration have not been learned, the delegation of such labors to the eldest member of the household may cause some inconvenience. But after all it is an economy of force and strength. It is bad domestic economy not to utilize this experience and ability.

Some old gentlemen take great pleasure in a carpenter shop. Amateur cabinet making is a great pleasure, and with a neat little workshop and a good assortment of tools the family will be able to save many dollars in the course of the year. Here broken furniture can be mended; shelves, boxes and other conveniences made. The amateur carpenter can mend the fences, the sidewalk and the lattice. He can make the coop for the hen and her chicks; he can box up articles that are to be freighted or expressed. He can make gifts. (And to make it possible for the old to give gifts, is to confer upon them one of the greatest of pleasures.) Many men have a turn for locksmithing, or for working in metals, and in their busier years are debarred from indulging in this taste.

This much is certain, the family is under obligations to help on grandfather's enterprise, whether it be the raising of asparagus, the mending of the neighbor's bells, the raising of chickens or the cultivation of peonies. False pride on the part of his family has made many a true-hearted old man miserable.

Relief From Choking.

Do not follow the advice given in a recent publication for the relief of a child with a morsel of food in its windpipe. The advice was to seize both hands and hold the arms straight up. The theory given was that the expansion of the chest would move the obstruction. No theory could be more erroneous, and no advice more dangerous, because no air can get into the chest except through the windpipe and rushing in through the windpipe the air would only carry the obstruction farther down.

A person suffocating or choking should hang head downward, and be struck smartly on the back. If a child, hold him up by the heels, and slap sharply on the back. If two persons are in the room, one should hold the child up as directed, and the other should place one hand against his chest to steady it and slap the back with the other. The compression of the chest between the two hands will in nearly every case remove the obstruction by forcing it out by pressure of the air behind it.

If this treatment does not relieve, the obstruction is probably in the meat-pipe, and in this case the danger is not quite so imminent, as the patient can likely breathe enough to keep alive. In this case, place your finger down his throat, and if you can reach the offending material, remove it.

If you fail in either reaching or removing it, tickle the throat with the finger to provoke vomiting. This will throw out the foreign body. A lady patient of mine once became terribly frightened by seeing her little child, who was playing on the floor, turn black in the face from having gotten her thimble into its windpipe. She seized the child under her arm, and rushed with it, head downward, out of the house to find a physician. The jolting of the child and the weight of the thimble loosened the latter, and it rolled to the ground, and the child was saved en route. Act quickly, as every effort to breathe or swallow forces the obstruction farther down. And if the air is entirely shut off, the patient will die. So that while doing what you can, some one should be running for a physician.—'Vick's Magazine.'

Hot-Weather Desserts.

Most families welcome a small variation on the old stand-bys, and there is always a demand for simple practical desserts for hot weather, a season when pastry and heavy puddings should be largely eliminated from the menu. Most people find a dessert of fresh fruit, 'au naturel,' a trifle unsatisfying; but it should be freely used in summer cookery, and the various cereal preparations now in the market furnish excellent material for family desserts, especially when there are children. Even a mold of cold oatmeal, thickly covered with grated cocoanut and sugar, and served very cold with a pitcher of cream, finds ready acceptance on a hot day. If cream of wheat is used for breakfast, a bowlful of this may be molded, iced with cocoanut meringue, browned in the oven, and served as above; or strips of candied orange or lemon peel may be stuck all over it like porcupine quills, and a hot syrup take the place of cream.

Whipped cream, meringues and pudding sauces transform many otherwise very plain dishes, both to the eye and palate. An unsweetened bread pudding is much lighter than a sweetened one. To make it, cut three or four slices of stale bread in strips, butter lightly, and arrange on a pudding dish; pour over this two beaten eggs with three cupsful of milk, bake in a moderate oven till set, and serve with sweet, foamy sauce, flavored with nutmeg. Another bread pudding is made by arranging the strips of buttered bread cob-house fashion, and pouring over them a hot, sweet compote of fruit—stoned cherries, rhubarb, plums or whatever may be in season. This, too, should be chilled before serving, and tastes better than it sounds, especially if stale sponge cake is substituted for the bread. —'Dominion Presbyterian.'

Making the Cat Useful.

Making a cat act as a plumbing inspector was the ingenious feat of a Philadelphia woman, says the 'Record' of that city. This woman had noticed that one of the pipes connected with the wash-stand in her bath-room leaked, and she wished to locate the leak precisely without tearing out any more of the wall than was needful.

She shut her cat up in the room directly below the bath-room, and in the basin of the defective wash-stand she poured a vial of the oil of valerian. Cats are excessively fond of the odor of valerian. After the cat had been in the room a few minutes it began to purr. Purring, it crossed the room, settled itself on the floor with its face to one spot on the wall, and here its mistress found it when she came into the room, its nose glued to the spot, sniffing and purring ecstatically.

The wall was opened at that point, and there, sure enough, the leak was found. The valerian had trickled through at that point, to the delight of the cat.

Some New Ways of Serving Tomatoes.

Tomatoes are so good as a salad that it seems too bad to ever cook them. Still, fried tomatoes are delicious, and sometimes may be made to serve in place of a meat dish at luncheon. Slice the tomatoes without peeling into rather thick slices. If the vegetable is overripe it will fall to pieces in the pan, so be sure that the slices are firm. Dip them in bream crumbs. Fry in a little butter, and just before taking out pour into the pan half a cupful of sweet cream. Stir this quickly and pour the sauce over the tomatoes. It will be thick like a cream sauce. Season with salt and red pepper.

Rice and Tomato Soup.—A good summer soup is made by boiling one-half of a cupful of rice in two quarts of water until reduced to a thick starch. Add to this a pint of reduced tomatoes, season with salt, pepper and onion juice and rub through a sieve. Reheat and serve with croutons, sprinkling over it, when in the tureen, a little finely chopped parsley.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Scald, skin and cut into good-sized pieces one quart of tomatoes. Butter a deep dish, fill with alternate layers of stale bread cut in inch pieces, tomatoes, salt, pepper, a few drops of onion juice and a very little sugar. Over the top sprinkle a thick layer of buttered crumbs, cover closely and place in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour, then uncover and bake until well browned.

Pickles.

(Mrs. Abbie M. Worstell, in the New York 'Observer.')

There are pickles and pickles; from those sold in tin pint pails to the finest imported, plain or mixed, to be had at first-class groceries. Few there are who do not wish for an acid or spicy condiment to give relish to their meats; and most people prefer the home-made article, if well made. All pickling should be done with the same care and precision as preserving, if success is looked for.

Cucumber Pickles.—Cover the cucumber with a strong brine, strong enough to float an egg. They will keep in the brine until wanted to pickle.

Soak the cucumbers in water for two days after taking them from the brine, changing the water once, then scald them in vinegar or pour the boiling vinegar over them and let them stand in it for two days before using. Put into each two quarts of vinegar, an ounce of peppercorns, half an ounce each of mustard seed and mace, a piece of horse-radish, a piece of alum the size of a pea, and half a cup of sugar; boil them together for ten minutes before straining it over the cucumbers.

Pickled Onions.—To one quart of vinegar allow two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice, two tablespoonfuls of whole black pepper. The onions should be of the smallest, white, ripe and dry. Remove the first skin with fingers, and the second skin with a silver knife, as steel spoils the color of the onions. Pack in well washed and dried jars. Pour over the onions sufficient cold vinegar to cover, season with pepper and allspice in above proportions. Be careful that the vinegar covers the onions well. Cover and tie down tightly to exclude the air. In a fortnight the onions will be ready

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for use. This receipt is simple, and the onions nice and crisp. They may soften if kept more than six or eight months.

Celery Pickle.—Quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, two quarts white chopped cabbage, two quarts chopped celery, three quarts best vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, four or five tablespoonfuls of sugar, half an ounce of white ginger root (crush in a mortar), half an ounce of tumeric. Boil all together in a porcelain lined kettle slowly for four or five hours only until the cabbage and celery are perfectly tender. Put into jars. Let the vinegar cover the pickle well; cork tightly. Do not boil the pickle hard at any time.

Spiced Peaches.—Seven pounds of peaches, three pounds of brown sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of stick cinnamon, three-quarters of an ounce of whole cloves, one quart of vinegar. Let the sugar, spices and vinegar simmer gently while peeling the peaches. Then boil all together until the fruit is tender. Put in jars and seal tightly. Have the vinegar cover the fruit well.

Tomato Catsup.—Boil one bushel of ripe tomatoes, skins and all, and when soft strain through a colander to remove the skins only. Mix one cupful of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, three ounces each of allspice, mace and celery-seed, two ounces of ground cinnamon, and stir into the tomato. Add two quarts of the best cider vinegar, and when thoroughly mixed, strain through into a large kettle, and boil slowly until reduced to half. Put in small bottles, seal and keep in a cool, dark place.

Stuffed Peaches.—Select medium sized peaches, wash and remove the stone; cover with salt water and let them stand over night. In the morning fill the centre with grated horse-radish, mixed with a little celery seed and a small piece of ginger root. Tie each piece with string and pack in jars. Pour over them hot vinegar with sugar and spice to taste. Seal jars. A nice relish with turkey.

Pear Chips.—Make a rich, sweet syrup, and make acid to the taste by adding cider vinegar to two quarts of the former, one pint of the latter more or less. Throw in a dozen cloves, blade of mace, and a stick of cinnamon. Pare and cut uniformly in little chips some rather hard pears. If the fruit is mellow it will cook to pieces. Simmer for fully two hours, when it will be ready for the jars. When first put on the fruit is white, but when done it is a rich dark color.

Some Good Things.

Boiled Cream Dressing.—A very delicious and inexpensive dressing may be made with two well-beaten eggs, one cup of sweet cream, one teacup of vinegar, one teaspoon of mustard mixed with water, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, a scant half-teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of granulated sugar, one piece of butter the size of an egg. Add cream to beaten eggs, then add mustard, pepper, salt and sugar. Stir briskly all the while and very gradually add vinegar, a little at a time. Then add butter, not melted. Stir constantly over moderate fire till it thickens. Do not allow it to boil.

Luncheon Eggs with Spinach.—Cook six eggs very hard; cool and cut in halves lengthwise. Take two cups of cold spinach, heat it in few tablespoons of water, drain and rub well through a colander. Mix with pepper, salt and butter, place it in the bottom of an earthen dish, lay the halves of eggs about on the spinach and pour over them a cream sauce, made from one cup of milk thickened and seasoned with salt, pepper and about four tablespoons of mild grated cheese. Cover with crumbs and set in the oven. Serve when slightly browned.

More Rhubard Recipes.

Rhubarb Cobbler.—Line the sides of a baking dish with a dough made from one egg well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Fill the dish with one quart of finely chopped rhubarb and three cupfuls of sugar, cover with the remaining dough, and bake for half an hour in a good oven.

Baked Rhubarb.—Cut the rhubarb in half inch lengths, without peeling it, and put it in an earthern baking dish. To a dozen good-sized stalks add two cups of sugar. Cover the rhubarb with a plate, and set it in a moderately hot oven, and let it cook for about two hours. If it is very red and juicy it will not be necessary to add water. Tarts made from rhubarb cooked in this way are especially nice. They should be covered with a thick white meringue. German housewives sometimes grate a little nutmeg over their cooked rhubarb when it is served as a sauce for the table. They also serve small dishes of this sauce at their breakfast on spring mornings, and it makes an agreeable appetizer.

Religious Notes.

For many years the labor unions and the Clericals in France, in spite of their antagonism on other grounds, have worked together to secure a compulsory weekly day of rest, and their efforts are at last crowned with success. The bill was prepared in the Senate and passed the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 575 to 1. The chief opposition was on the ground that it interfered with running of many institutions which the public demand should be kept open on Sunday. As the law will be used as a model for legislation on the subject in other countries its main provisions are of great interest. No industrial or commercial establishment of any kind, whether public or private, lay or religious, even of those for education or benevolence, is permitted to work an employee more than six days a week. The weekly period of rest should be twenty-four consecutive hours. It should be on Sunday. Wherever the complete closing of an establishment on Sunday would be prejudicial to the interests of the public, the weekly rest may be given for part or all of the year in one of the following days: (1) on some other day of the week for the whole personnel of the establishment, (2) from Sunday noon to Monday noon, (3) Sunday afternoon with a compensatory holiday by rotation every fortnight, or (4) by shifts in rotation of part or all the employees. These exceptions can only be made by direct authorization of the Government. The day of rest by rotation (4) is permitted only to the following establishments: hotels and restaurants; shops for sale of tobacco and fresh flowers; hospitals, asylums and drug stores; baths; newspapers, museums, theatres and libraries; water-works, gas-works, and power plants; transportation other than railroads; and industries dealing with perishable material or products. In the case of public works of an urgent nature, such as the prevention or repair of accidents, the weekly day of rest may be suspended for the workman needed. Railroads and steamships are provided for in another law.

If General Booth's health holds good he is to make a tour in Japan during the winter months.

Speaking of the two thousand high license saloons which opened their doors in San Francisco July 5, after seventy-five days of prohibition and peace, the Californian 'Christian Advocate' says: 'The sense of despair, damp, penetrating despair, which has settled like a cloud over the city cannot be exaggerated.'

The general conference for Christian workers, which will convene at Northfield, Mass., from August 3 to 19, has taken a practical position on pastoral evangelism. At a sub-conference, from August 6 to 11, to be held in connection with the regular August meetings, the difficult problems of evangelists will be taken up by men who have proved themselves successful as pastor evangelists. The scheme is to have each afternoon fifteen-minute addresses on set topics, and then an hour given to an open conference in which questions may be asked and plans and methods submitted that have been found effective in various fields. Dr. H. G. Weston, the venerable college president evangelist, Dr. Albert Plumb, of Boston, Joseph P. Calhoun, of Pittsburg, John Wicker, of Trenton, Cleland B. McAfee, of New York, L. S. Chafer, the singing evangelist, Howard W. Pope, of New Haven, C. H. Tyndall, the scientist, and Len G. Broughton, of Atlanta, who is perhaps the most typical pastor evangelist of the south, will share in the conference.

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